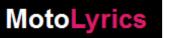
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## 411

## "Inside Your Head"

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Vengeance is mine against mine enemy And I will rise against thee with the force of a Thousand men And in your fall, I will remind you of an industry Designed to see me fail There will be no shelter against my rage I will approach you with no good intention And reign down on you like hell fire and destroy you! I destroy all you MCs till my mouth goes dry Or either one of us die I'm in this motherfucker's head like B-R-A-I N, I spit one, then spit again Then I turn like a cobra and spit it at his friend You niggas afraid of me, oh that's so gay to me Shot a nigga for shaking my hand too long, don't play with me I make niggas wanna be hard and thugged out Baggy pants and black (?) looking all bugged out So let me tell you what a thug about When I walk into a room it becomes Dog Day Afternoon And niggas break the fuck out Bring ya rabbit's foot, I'll blow your luck out I'll kill all you niggas and pull a navy hearse truck out So save your wake ass verse for daytime talk TV 'cause I'll return you and let you keep ya jewels and chalk BVs My heart is dirty and skeevy Man, I would see any one of you niggas If I was Ray Charles or Stevie, ha! (Can you, feel me?)

Can ya feel me, nigga?!? Can ya feel me, nigga?!? (Freddie Foxxx, Bumpy Knux) It's Bumpy Knux, nigga what? Come on! (Can you, can you, hear me?) Can you hear me motherfucker?!? I'm talking to you! ('cause I am in...side your head)

(?) uncontrollable and wild And I stand like I stand with two fours in my hand I bring back the running man I hear voices in my head that say "Bumpy can't, damn" So when I hear niggas say I can't do something, I get pissed off Cause I'm Poke-man, digging your wrist off Trying to find the main vein that turns your exist off Real niggas waited for my flow Like they waited for Mandela to show So all these phony ass niggas out here know Your faker than a nigga fronting like his back got hurt At a fender bender - I call her, send her She'll flip ya, so them craze up in ya She know you like it on your belly, got them gays up in ya So I say: La Di Da Di, I'll shoot up your party If you ain't heard by now, you'd better ask somebody Niggas trying to cut my throat, I'm still spitting from the neck

If you still disrespect, you'll still get the Tek

Come on! Get the fuck off me, nigga

(Can you, feel me?)
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?
(Freddie Foxxx, Bumpy Knux)
It's Bumpy Knux, nigga what?
Come on!
(Can you, can you, hear me?)
Can you hear me motherfucker?!?
I'm talking to you!
('cause I am in...side your head)

You ain't no motherfuckin thug, you ain't shot nobody I'm wild like niggas up north that ain't got nobody I'll put the infrared on ya, leave your body all dotty Or I'll 6 and 7 piece ya, leave ya forehead all knotty You niggas can't spit on the tracks that I spit on You niggas are scared of the type of niggas I shit on You wanna ride my style? Get on I'll take you through so many one sided singles Ain't no more joints to sin on These rap niggas are mi-dad (?) on How do you niggas ride in the car with this nigga, With that shit on? I'm sick and tired of Nore and his "What, What, What" Write some rhymes, nigga, or get his shit up up up I'll beat you till your face is made ugly like Biz If you ever open your mouth to ask me what a Memph Bleek is This week is, Bumpy Week celebrated And be glad that the bad kid from the neighborhood made it The last album you dropped, kid, hate it Man the only thing I'll do for your life, nigga, is complicate it So come at me with that sideways twisted talk I'll put the 4 pound in your mouth, B, and lift your thoughts I'm the wildest nigga in New York So nigga shut your fuckin mouth up when I talk Come on, I make Reverend Run Reverend Walk And kill female MCs like a chicken hawk It's Bumpy Knuckles, baby, ha!

(Can you, feel me?) Can ya feel me, nigga?!? Can ya feel me, nigga?!? (Freddie Foxxx, Bumpy Knux) It's Bumpy Knux, nigga what? Come on! (Can you, can you, hear me?) Can you hear me motherfucker?!? I'm talking to you! ('cause I am in...side your head)

(Can you, feel me?)
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?
(Freddie Foxxx, Bumpy Knux)
It's Bumpy Knux, nigga what?
Come on!
(Can you, can you, hear me?)
Can you hear me motherfucker?!?
I'm talking to you!
('cause I am in...side your head)

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